PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

In Carmel Everybody Reads The Cymbal

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 10 • No. 26 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JUNE 30, 1939 FIVE CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

A WARNING TO VISITORS IN CARMEL AND TO RESIDENTS WHO MAY BE FORGETFUL

This is our annual warning to visitors in Carmel over the Fourth, and our annual reminder, too, to those who live here, but who might be forgetful.

Carmel has an ordinance—the most sensible and important ordinance on the books, we think—which prohibits the shooting of firecrackers or fireworks of any kind within this city EXCEPT on the beach and ONLY there on the date of the Fourth of July celebration which this year falls on July 4.

This ordinance is rigidly enforced and it should be. Fire is a constant menace in the pine forest which is Carmel—a pine forest made even more susceptible to flames by reason of the wild, dry shrubs at the feet of the trees.

It isn't smart to violate this law and we urge the police and our city judge to make it increasingly costly. The unbridled pleasure of little children and the penchant of sophomoric young men to make as much noise as possible are compensations that would not pay any sort of a percentage of the loss from a holocaust of fire in this community.

It is the duty of every sensible citizen of this city beginning right now to report to the police any case of violation of this law in any part of our city, or even on the beach on any other day than next Tuesday.

A fine is a gentle penalty—jail would be none too severe for anyone who tends to serve the menace of fire in Carmel.

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ABOUT ADVERTISING; WHAT IS BUNK AND WHAT IS LEGITIMATE

You probably noticed that THE CYMBAL carried last week a page announcement by the officers and directors of the Bank of Carmel of the opening of their new bank building and an invitation to the public to inspect it. You probably noticed also that in addition to this same "ad" of the bank, the *Pine Cone* and the *Peninsula Herald* carried almost another page of so-called advertising by the various concerns which had sub-contracts in the construction of the bank building. Those "ads" were not in THE CYMBAL. They were not because THE CYMBAL made no effort to get them. We do not believe in that sort of advertising. It's hold-up advertising. It's on a par with these pages of "Congratulations to Sunset School Graduates" for which the merchants are bludgeoned into paying so much per inch. We endeavor to sell advertising space as a legitimate business proposition. We endeavor, through our intensified, paid circulation in the Carmel District to give value received for every cent we charge for advertising space. We will not accept so-called "trade" advertising—advertising that is obtained only to the measure of our accounts with the advertisers. We will not ask, expect, or accept advertising in lieu of payments of our bills to tradesmen. We expect to pay our bills around town when we can, and expect advertisers to pay their bills to us when they can.

No CYMBAL advertising is obtained on a tearful contention that we should have it because the *Pine Cone* did. All CYMBAL advertising

(Continued on Page Two)

FORCE TO NAME SCHOOL BOARD APPOINTEES TOMORROW

Carmel will not know until tomorrow who the two new Carmel Unified District School trustees are to be.

James G. Force, county superintendent of schools, who makes the appointments, told THE CYMBAL yesterday afternoon that he had not yet made his decision, but would do so tomorrow morning. The new Unified District board, which will include Mrs. E. A. H. Watson, Hugh W. Comstock and Mrs. Louis H. Levinson, and the two appointments made by Superintendent Force, will meet tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock to organize.

Those from whom Force will make his selections are Frank N. Shea, Charles K. Van Riper, Carl W. Burrows, G. A. Moller, Kent Clark, Capt. Shelburn Robison, Dr. Howard Clark, Richard L. Masten, Gabriel H. Burnett, Peter Mawdsley and Dr. W. B. Williams.

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SCHOOL TAXES TO DECREASE NEXT YEAR

Your tax bill next year, if you are a property owner in the Sunset or Carmel High school district, will be lower next year than this in the figure it asks you to pay for education.

Next year you will pay a total of 97 cents. That will include 36 cents for the elementary (Sunset) school, 26 cents for current maintenance of the new junior high school and our cost of maintaining children in the Monterey Union high school, and 35 cents for bond interest and redemption, including our own $165,000 in high school bonds, and what we still have to pay on Union district bonds.

This year you are paying $1.10. Broken down, this is 36 cents for elementary school maintenance (the same as next year), 13 cents for our $165,000 high school bonds, 51 cents for our Union high school costs and 10 cents for Union high school bonds.

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MONDAY, AND ALSO TUESDAY, WILL BE STATE, MUNICIPAL AND BANK HOLIDAYS

Governor Culbert Olson's proclamation of a holiday next Monday, giving state and municipal officials and banks a three-day rest from labors—Sunday, Monday and Tuesday—will, of course, be observed in Carmel. Which means that you can't pay any taxes, negotiate any loans or get any building permits on Monday as well as on Tuesday when the signing of the Declaration of Independence will be celebrated. The police department will be on the job, of course, and with that enthusiasm for which it is notorious.

Life In Carmel Quickens For the Fifth Bach Festival

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Olio, Troupers' Riot of the Moment, on This Week-End At First Theater in Monterey

CAROL WALKER as "Topsy" and MARY JEAN ELLIOTT as "Little Eva."

The third and final run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given this week-end for the special benefit of all those over-the-Fourth visitors to the Peninsula who feel they've been gypped if there isn't a good old melodrama and olio going on at California's First Theater. So, as one of the attractions, the Troupers of the Gold Coast are again donning their grease paint and crinolines and will be on the stage at 8:40 tonight, and each night following until July 4 is over and done with.

For the benefit of those who do not happen to know, "Uncle Tom" is one of the most satisfying of all the vehicles to which the Troupers have lent their varied talents and the one with which they've had the most fun. Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who manage all these affairs, are quite happy about it. They'll be more than happy if they can get a good noisy crowd together who will enter into the spirit of the olio and help to make it one of those memorable occasions when we go home with sore sides, aching jaw muscles and a voice that practically fails to function.

ARTISTS ARRIVE, MUSIC LOVERS POUR IN FOR GREAT EVENT OF YEAR

The life of this community quickens once more for the festival of music.

Somewhere to the south of here a stout box is being made ready for the precious job of transporting one of the most delicate of all musical instruments, the harpsichord, to the stage of Sunset School Auditorium.

North, the last snows have run down the streets of a town past the place where a young man sits registering on his organ the complicated recurring bass theme of a passacaglia. Flute and voice and bass viol, the sentient violin and four sliding trombones and Michel Penha leaning, with one ear slightly cocked, over his 'cello.

Over here in the First Grade room the utterance, tremulous at first under Usigli's bent black brows, and then rising to confident mastery, of chorus and orchestra, transmuting the mystic, the triumphant, the divinely sad, the gloriously joyful into sound upon sound upon sound. Everywhere about us a stirring, a making ready, for the Fifth Bach Festival, July 17-23.

It is too difficult to say in just what ways, what vital spots, this year's program has been lifted above all the foregoing ones. The eminence of Madame Alice Ehlers, with her incomparable interpretation of Bach's music on an instrument with which he himself was familiar—on which, indeed, he composed much of his music—perhaps makes a combination that takes precedence over any single solo undertaking yet achieved by the Festival management. The harpsichord is, in reality, a stringed instrument; a small but entire chamber music. It has a tinkling sound, very little like the heaviness and comparatively dull *timbre* of the modern piano and, though not capable of the piano's nuances, does beautiful and delicious things with its two keyboards. Sometimes I think of Emily Dickinson and the way she manipulated her octaves of words.

Tuesday night's concert will be of unusual interest, departing as it does, for the first time in the Festival's now hoary life, from the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. All of Tuesday's works will be by the sons of Bach and between Bach and his sons lay a whole transitional period in the development of music.

And once again we are fortunate in having young John McDonald Lyon down from Seattle to play the organ. His performance of last year far excelled anything we have yet had for this most important feature of the music week and he

(Continued on Page Eleven)

GORDON CAMPBELL IS NOW INTERNATIONAL LAWYER

If Gordon Campbell, United States Marshal in China, should ever lose that job he can hang out his shingle in Shanghai as an international lawyer. Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell that their son recently passed the international bar examinations at Shanghai. Also, we learn, Gordon is lecturing twice a week at the University of Soochow to Chinese and other foreign students.

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Bruce Cator, son of Mrs. Irene Cator, Carmel postmaster, is in Carmel and will visit his mother for the two summer months. Bruce is a cadet at West Point.

YOUTH'S CLUB NOW LOOKING FOR SITE FOR BUILDING

With a fund of $325 on hand and 33 members, but with no place to establish itself, the Carmel Youth Association is now looking around for a possible site for a building of its own. The negotiations to use the second story of the Carmel Dairy, building somehow bogged down. The organization has been offered its choice of a number of sites, but as yet has not found anything quite within the limits of possible funds to be acquired through a public drive.

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More than 15,000 school teachers will gather in San Francisco next week for the National Education Association convention. Many Peninsula teachers will attend.

is obtained on the proven claim that we can give the advertiser the widest coverage through by far the largest net paid circulation in this district.

When we cannot survive by this legitimate, dignified business policy, we'll quit surviving.

In the meantime, our subscribers and readers, who value the existence of THE CYMBAL, can help us materially by reading the legitimate advertising we publish and bestowing their trade on our advertisers when it is possible to do so to their advantage.

Incidentally, THE CYMBAL last week printed 141 lines of classified advertising to 119 carried in the Dolores street newspaper. It's classified volume that tells a paper's popularity, the wise advertisers tell you. And there's less chance to pad that than there is the display.

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GARBAGE COLLECTION BY COMPULSION IS A CRYING NEED

Carmel should have compulsory garbage collection.

The coming of each summer and the consequent arrival of many transient residents brings this before us as a crying and an odoriferous need.

This lack of consideration for others linking arms with a desire to save a quarter here and there on the one hand while tossing halves and dollars away on the other has resulted and continues to result in a disgusting situation here during the summer. There are some who take the trouble, intermittently, to bury their garbage, sometimes in their own rented yards, or, too often, in somebody's adjoining lot. There are others who ride casually along our streets and our entering highways and toss their garbage out of their cars. There are some, believe it or not, who sneak up town during the night and deposit it in the trash cans on the sidewalks of our business streets. (Incidentally, John Roscelli tells us that one Ocean avenue merchant insists in putting all his refuse from parcels post packages he receives into the sidewalk receptacles instead of paying John to carry it away as other merchants do.)

Certainly we should insist that everyone who has garbage to dispose of contract with our regular garbage collector to collect it on his regular rounds. Those who do not do this, menace our health and desecrate our streets, highways and vacant property.

We can see no reason why the city council cannot pass an ordinance requiring this and providing a stiff penalty for its violation.

—W. K. .B

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OUR CONGRESSMAN WANTS TO HEAR FROM WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS ASPIRANTS

John Z. Anderson, familiarly known as Jack to most Republicans and a few Democrats, writes us that he has an opportunity of recommending to the War and Navy Departments before long the names of candidates for admission to West Point and Annapolis.

It's a long letter and we haven't room to print it, but if you are a young man between 17 and 22 years of age, inclusive, and want to be a general, or a young man between 16 and 20, also inclusive, and want to be an admiral (though we can't for the life of us understand why you should) you can drop a line to your congressman, Mr. Anderson, at Washington, D. C., and get the particulars. He says in his letter to us: "It is my desire to give every young man in my district a chance to compete in this examination."

"Dark Victory" and Bette Davis at Carmel Sunday

BETTE DAVIS and GEORGE BRENT in "Dark Victory."

Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," the year's big romantic drama, comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 1, 2 and 3. It presents Bette Davis as the ill-starred heroine of one of the tenderest and poignantly beautiful romances ever unfolded upon the screen. It is the story of a beautiful and headstrong young heiress who suddenly learns that she has only ten months to live. She conquers this stroke of Fate by the power of a great love, and ultimately finds peace and happiness in the brief span of life allotted to her.

Playing opposite her is George Brent, and Humphrey Bogart is featured as another lover, albeit a frustrated one. Other members of the cast include Ronald Reagan, Henry Travers, Cora Witherspoon, Dorothy Peterson, Virginia Brissac, Charles Richman, and Herbert Rawlinson.

Edmund Goulding, celebrated for his ability to make films with a special appeal for women, directed it. A brilliant musical score by Max Steiner adds to the dramatic meaning of the picture, and there is a song featured in it, "Give Me Time for Tenderness," written by Goulding with lyrics by Elsie Janis. Personally, we wouldn't miss this picture, but don't let that influence you, of course.

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52 Whiffs a year of the flavor and tang of Carmel for One Dollar. Send THE CYMBAL to friends and relatives afar.

NO MOVING PARTS
In its freezing system means:
- PERMANENT SILENCE
- CONTINUED LOW OPERATING COST
- MORE YEARS OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE
- SAVINGS THAT PAY FOR IT

The SERVEL ELECTROLUX Gas Refrigerator

J. WEAVER KITCHEN
Plumbing and Heating

JUNIPERO AT SIXTH
Telephone 686

Harry Leon Wilson Dies in His Sleep

Harry Leon Wilson, one of Carmel's most distinguished citizens, who had lived and done the greater part of his writing here for the past 30 years, died sometime during Wednesday. Death occurred peacefully in his sleep at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hjalmar Deetjen (Helen Haight) where he had been living for the past five months.

Wilson, author of a score of books widely popular in their day, such as "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Merton of the Movies," was 72 years old last month. He was born in Illinois. In 1902 he married Rose O'Neill, the famous illustrator, but they were divorced a few years later. In 1912 he married Helen Cooke, daughter of Grace MacGowan Cooke. Their children are Harry Leon, Jr., and Charis (Mrs. Edward Weston, wife of the noted photographer, now living at the Wilson place at Carmel Highlands). Wilson and Helen Cooke Wilson were divorced some 12 years ago and she is now the wife of Major Paul Peabody of Fort Warren, Wyoming.

For the past five years Harry Leon Wilson had been in ill health. He was taken to Helen Haight Deetjen's home on Bay View avenue, on Carmel Point, five months ago and was under her care at the time of his death.

The body was taken to Salinas Thursday afternoon for cremation. In compliance with his wish there were no services.

Besides his son and daughter he leaves a sister in Illinois and a brother living at Campbell, Calif.

Fifth Annual Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL out July 14.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost 10 cents a line for one time, but only 12 cents a line for two times and for four times (no change in copy) they're only 20 cents a line.

FOR THE PICNIC BASKET

SANDWICHES
Pullman ⁄ Nut Bread ⁄ Rye Bread
100% Whole Wheat ⁄ Cracked Wheat
Sliced to Your Order

CAKES
Orange ⁄ Date-Nut

DELICATESSEN
Meat and Chicken Pies
Salads and Cold Meats

DOLORES BAKERY
DOLORES STREET • TELEPHONE 650

SAND BOX

A beach for the littlest ones right in their own yard. A staunch box with 4 corner seats. Box bottom is made of sheet steel. The brightly striped sunshade adjusts to keep the hottest sun off the children as they play. Legs keep the box from contact with the ground.
Sand box, $4.95

HOLMAN'S
Toy Department
Second Floor

You Will Be Wise

IF YOU ORDER COPIES OF
THE FIFTH ANNUAL

BACH FESTIVAL
EDITION OF THE
CARMEL CYMBAL

NOW!

+

The Price This Year Is
10 cents
And You Can Have Them Ready
For Mailing, If You Wish

Out Friday, July 14

[Last year the extra supply was exhausted early]

Our Police Radio Seems To Lack Something

We can't give you much definite information about the two-way police radio system. All we can say is that it doesn't seem to be completely installed; that something necessary hasn't arrived from the manufacturers in the south. We think it's the transmission apparatus. It seems that the sending and receiving sets are in the police automobiles—all five of them—but they can't get going until the transmitter is installed in the radio station at the city hall. We didn't get very far querying Robert Walton, radio technician on the police department. We sensed from his noncommittal answers that he has a certain apathy toward giving THE CYMBAL any information. We can't find it in our journalistic heart to blame him for this, things being as they are. But he could be smarter. Coals of fire are more effective missiles in a case like this.

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Ted Kuster Opens Dramatic School In Carmel

Edward Kuster, who for the past year has been production Director for the famous Max Reinhardt and has been directing the American and British plays in the Reinhardt Workshop in Hollywood, will teach in Carmel this summer. He is offering a six weeks' course in acting and speech, available to beginners, advanced students and professionals, beginning July 15. The work will be carried on in the Green Room, recently vacated by the Carmel Players. Classwork and individual coaching, at the option of the students, will be conducted daily.

Inactive in Carmel ever since the destruction by fire of his beautiful Theatre of the Golden Bough four years ago, Kuster has carried on in New York, San Francisco and Hollywood and is highly regarded as a member of the Max Reinhardt teaching and directing staff. Credited with the production of almost a hundred plays during his long residence in Carmel, he will probably be best remembered for the brilliant and spectacular "Thrip'ny Opera," "Beggar on Horseback," "R.U.R." and our own Martin Flavin's magnificent "Amaco." His own acting performances in "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Counsellor-at-Law" were outstanding.

Interviews and auditions will be held in the Green Room Monday, July 8, all day and evening.

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ALL SAINTS' GUILD OPENS BAZAAR TOMORROW

The Annual Summer Bazaar of the Women's Guild of All Saints' Church will be in full swing tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at the Parish House. This year's special feature is the Elephant Table, consisting of a useful collection of household articles that will be waiting expectantly to be carried to a new home.

The Basket Table will be interesting. All types of baskets will be on sale, the garden variety, sewing baskets, wood baskets and picnic baskets. Also, you'll find some choice little bags of lavendar from England.

There will be a mouth-watering array of food, too, all from the excellent kitchens of Carmel housewives, and there'll be smocks, aprons and household linens galore. The proceeds go to help the Guild in its work for the church.

The Bank of Carmel Moves

One bullet from that jittering gun
And she herself would be undone,
Thought Helen Lightner Dean.
Across the street one single pop,
From another jittery Keystone cop,
And gone's the Cinderella Shop,
Feared Helen Lightner Dean.

But Ocean Avenue saw that day
A Bechdolt-Norton grand display
For which we pay and pay and pay
In a criminal-ridden town.
As Bobby played his solemn part,
With smileless face, but bursting heart
He watched each money-laden cart
Till the cash was salted down.

On the trigger lay his fingertip,
A rifle bullet set to rip
Through brain or brawn or shank.
Our children and their children, too,
Shall tell the tale the future through,
How Norton moved the bank.

As we said last week, moving a bank is a serious and sober business.

The Bank of Carmel moved last Friday and Saturday from its old quarters in the middle of the block on Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos street to the new and imposing structure at the Dolores street corner, and the bank employees, officials and the movers AND the armed guards were serious and sober about it.

But the Carmel public was everything except serious and sober. It laughed and laughed. It laughed, as a matter of fact, right in the face of cocked and loaded rifles.

The public got a lot of immoderate amusement out of Bobby Norton, our chief of police, and his ready-to-fire gun. It got a lot more amusement out of the open window on the second floor of Las Tiendas building across the street, where stood Robert Walton, partly hidden by draperies or something, but ready with a machine gun (or was it a machine gun?) to blast away at the first sign of attack by the band of bank robbers believed to have been in camp for a week in the old sewage disposal plant at the mouth of the river. They didn't attack, which had much to do with the peace of mind of Helen Lightner Dean whose Cinderella Shop would have succumbed to the first rat-ta-tat.

Somebody reported that another battery was ensconced up in the Philip Wilson building, but we didn't have time to check on that—what with watching Bobby.

However, you laughers, there was much to guard. We are informed that in order to extract from the big vault in the old bank building the little vaults which hold the coin and currency, it was necessary to take their doors off and, for a spell on Friday afternoon, there was $50,000 (or was it $500,000? —such sums confuse us mightily) in plain and unobstructed view and open to pilfering by unlawful hands.

Yes, though Bobby may have looked funny, he had a big job to do, and he did it with a gladness past all understanding. Back of that sober countenance was the flush of excitement. We believe that for certain moments last Friday afternoon he was happier than he had ever been before in all his years. And in its long life of administering sadness, disappointment, travail, joy and financial security to the parade of furrow-browed humanity that has serpentined its doors, there lies one untarnishable glory in the Bank of Carmel's crown. It gave Robert Norton his biggest moment.

For the inconsequential rest of it, we beg to report that the bank got moved, and safely, and got smothered in the most beautiful mass of flowers we have ever seen assembled outside of Mayor Rossi's breath-stifling establishment. And a flood light made some kind of a jewel of its new edifice while the populace walked for the first and last time in sacred precincts behind glass wickets.

On Monday morning everything had settled down to normal and Charlie Berkey in new, bright surroundings was saying the old, threadbare "No."

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MISS NILES TELLS A.L.A. CONVENTION ABOUT CARMEL LIBRARY

Opportunities a small town librarian has to carry the library out to people instead of waiting for people to come into it, were told to the delegates to the 61st annual convention of the American Library Association in San Francisco last week by Miss Elizabeth Niles who holds the sceptre in the Carmel library.

Miss Niles was one of the discussion leaders in the Small Library group and she had many interesting things to tell about library work here.

She tells us that she has never seen a more fascinating exhibit than that of the book publishers and binderies at the convention.

Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, chairman of the Carmel library board, attended the library trustees' dinner at the Clift Hotel on June 20 during the convention.

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When taking pictures of bears in National Parks, vacationists should not approach them too closely, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. Photographers should not attempt to get between a mother and her cubs, for the parent bear does not always understand a visitor's intentions.

Here's an Adventure!
. . . in Good Eating!

SUKIYAKI
CHOP SUEY
You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious

Azuma-Tei
Restaurant
436 Adams Street, Monterey
. . . in a lovely Japanese garden

You May Visit Pebble Beach Gardens

The Pebble Beach gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt and the Louis W. Hill estate will be visited tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon in a tour that is being sponsored by the owners of these gardens and by the Monterey Peninsula Garden Club.

The gardens will be open from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock p.m., and the tours will not be conducted. You may go to any or all of them and stay just as long as you wish. At 4 o'clock tea will be served on the terrace of the Allen Griffin place.

Tickets for this tour are $1 per person and include admittance at any of the 17-Mile gates. Proceeds will go towards the building fund for the Community Center in New Monterey. Get your tickets in Carmel at the Cinderella Shop, Eustace's Linen Shop or at Spud's Information Bureau in the Mission Cleaners shop on Ocean avenue.

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Two Dollars will send THE CYMBAL to all parts foreign for a year.

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READ THE CLASSIFIED ADS THIS WEEK—YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

the best tonic in the World!

McDonald Dairy
Ocean Avenue
Just West of Post Office
CALL 700 FOR MILK DELIVERY

NOW OPEN

LEATHERCRAFT STUDIO
Leathercraft of Distinction

Hand-Fashioned by Master Craftsman
Made to Order in All Fine Leathers

Ladies' Bags • Pocket Secretaries • Wallets
Cigarette Cases

SEVEN ARTS COURT, CARMEL

Summer VEGETABLES

Tomatoes 4 lbs. for 19c
Fresh Peas 4 lbs. for 23c
Fresh Corn doz. 45c
Strawberries 2 bas. 19c
Youngberries 4 bas. 23c
Cherries and Melons

MEATS

Legs of Lamb lb. 26c
Rib Lamb Chops lb. 27c
Shoulder Pork Roast lb. 20c
Sliced Bacon lb. 28c

Carmel
Drive-In Market
Dolores at Eighth
TELEPHONE 1550

The Carmel Cymbal
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1924
Published Every Friday By
THE CYMBAL COMPANY
E. A. H. Watson A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett
SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET
P. O. BOX 1600 ♦ TELEPHONE 77
Ocean Avenue Office: South Side
Near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)
PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC.
Subscription, $1 a year, by mail. ♦ Foreign, $2 a year.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Carmel, Calif., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR
The Cymbal is on sale at:
Del Monte Hotel Newsstand
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

Players Decide To Carry On

The Carmel Players decided in general meeting last Sunday to continue activities in the Sunset School instead of the Green Room. They voted to cooperate with the adult education program and appointed Dorothy Stephenson to head a committee to confer with O. W. Bardarson, school district superintendent, on the specific program of operation.

The tentative plan is for all workshops to continue as classes of the Adult Education program and for the Carmel Players to operate as a group in play production under the direction of Chick McCarthy. The Players will meet in the large lunchroom of Sunset School which probably will be available five or six evenings a week.

The Players voted to hold at least one general meeting every month. All members who have paid their dues on or after January 1, 1939, are still active members, as no new series has been inaugurated. Announcement will be made in the press of date and place of the next general meeting.

Next Friday evening Dorothy Stephenson and her planning committee will meet all Players who wish to come to the Green Room at 8 o'clock to hear exactly what arrangements have been made to date.

A plan is under consideration for the Players to read and study plays and put them into rehearsal with the ultimate objective of giving public performances of those plays. Original experimental plays will be included. The public will be welcome at all rehearsals. —E. F.

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HELEN ANDERSON OPENING HER POSTURE CLASSES

Helen Anderson is beginning her summer classes in posture, and not only for the children with whom she worked so successfully at Sunset School this past year, but with adults who understand the therapeutic and moral values of being able to handle your body correctly. Good posture isn't a matter of strength, it's simply a matter of taking what you have and using it efficiently. It concerns certain little muscles, knowledge of them and training. It's not a big undertaking, but it's important for our health and spirits.

Classes, either private or in groups, are being formed now, and time schedules can be arranged to suit any of us. You'll find Miss Anderson up above the post office and you'll find her an agreeable and enthusiastic person with whom to talk.

THIS THING AND THAT

FOOTNOTE FOR EVE

A woman scarcely ever pauses
To doubt her faith in Santa Clauses.
She thinks the gold at rainbow's end
Lies there for *her*, and every trend
Mounts up and upward on her chart
Assuring peaks before the start.
She dotes on each new man as god
And notes his lapse as merely odd—
Exceptional, and not the norm;
And thus her faith outrides each storm.
Rose-spectacled by simple trust
And love, to which she likes to tether,
His worst misdeeds she views as just
"Unusual," like local weather.

—Edith Frisbie

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

BETTY PARISH
KENNETH BROOKS

Two interesting young guests at the a-sight-more-than-charming home of the C. H. Kumlers on Cormorant Drive are Betsy Parrish and Kenneth T. Brooks. Betsy had just arrived by plane from New York the other night when we dined there. She said she was being progressively educated at the Lincoln School, and progressed from a mysteriously very-edible soup of potatoes, onions and the unknown to the leg of a bird. She made us think with great favor not only of progressive education but of cross-country winging.

Mr. Brooks is instructing pilot at the Pomona airport and he brought his ship neatly down on what would have been the toes of the Kumler dog, had the Kumlers a dog and had he been sunning himself on the back lawn. The Kumlers report that airplanes are put together with a kind of syrup that makes them allergic to deer and cows—that is, these critturs eat up the syrup in the night and the airplane collapses in a ground crash. It is understood that all sheets and quilts were requisitioned against this catastrophe and that the Kumlers spent the night in acute bedclothes deshabille. —L. S.

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JACOB BLAAUW

Jacob Blaauw, twenty-three-year-old artist from Chicago, hitch-hiked to San Francisco to see the Fair, got a ride with some people who were going south, spent a few hours with them in Carmel, rode on with them as far as Cambria Pines, and then couldn't stand it any longer. He left them there and thumbed his way back to Carmel. Now he's at De Loe's doing remarkable clever portraits of anyone for $1. He does them on grey paper with black crayon, and uses white chalk for high-lighting, has a remarkable flair for making you look the way you hope you look, but usually don't. When asked about his training, he admitted nothing more than what they gave him in high school, which wasn't much, he said, because he was sure he knew more than his teachers about it. He'd like to get over to Burton Boundey's life class in Monterey, however, so if you go over on Tuesday and Thursday nights, how about another passenger?

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LOUIS BAILLY

In a small studio up in Carmel Highlands, the deep, compact and velvety tones of the viola drift out through open windows as Louis Bailly works in peace and seclusion on the foundation of his concert repertoire for the approaching fall and winter season.

I had the privilege of interrupting him the other day. The music of Vitali's *Ciaccona* lay open on the stand by the south window, and his beautiful viola was laid gently on the table beside it. This instrument was made in 1540 in Brescia, Italy, by Gasparo da Salo. It is Dr. Bailly's Number One instrument, and where he goes, it also goes.

A viola, when you attempt to classify it, comes between a violin and a cello, but it sings with a more human quality of voice. I heard it. Dr. Bailly stood, and without ostentation, brought forth sounds of such utter richness and purity and noble timbre that it was a deep ecstasy just to sit there and let each cell of your body absorb every bit of it.

Dr. Bailly's great work has been to propagate the viola as a solo instrument in this country. For 14 years he has been head of the viola and chamber music departments at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and until just recently his viola class was the only one in this country. If the viola has come into its rightful importance among orchestral and solo instruments we have Dr. Bailly to thank for it. One obstacle in its presentation to the general public has been the comparative lack of music written for the viola. But a musician has only to seek and he will find and when that wasn't enough, Dr. Bailly made his own arrangements for viola and piano for such works as the Scherensky *Sonata*, the Galliard *Sonata in E-Minor*, the Senaille and Vivaldi sonatas, the *Sarabande* and *Gigue in E-Minor* of Clerambault, the Bach adagio and allegro and some of Rachmaninoff's things. His concert repertoire goes from Bach to Mozart classicals and Italian Eighteenth Century composers, up to contemporaries like Walton and Hindemith.

His work at Curtis has now reached the stage where he can give less time to it. For the last two years he has been concertizing in Europe and in the East and he plans to devote more and more time to solo work in the future. From the time that Dr. Bailly first came to this country from France in 1917 to join the famous Flonzaley Quartet in New York he has been devoted to the one idea of developing violists and making known the music of the viola to you and to me, our uncles and our cousins, and to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker.

With the small, red ribbon of a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France in his buttonhole, the honor of being a Chevalier of the Crown of Rumania, and top acclaims from the presses of Paris, Amsterdam, London, Budapest, Vienna, Milan, Stockholm, Prague, Warsaw, New York, Philadelphia and Boston for his artistic achievements, Louis Bailly still remains a quiet, distinguished, unassuming and easily approachable gentleman who is finding in Carmel the beauty and isolation he desires. It is hoped that before the summer is over, we may have the opportunity, somehow and somewhere, of hearing him in concert. —Marjorie Warren

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GENE FOSTER WHITAKER

Gene Foster Whitaker, mother of Francis Whitaker, Carmel craftsman and Forge-in-the-Forester, has been in Carmel since March, and although I've been receiving pleasant little reverberations for some time from people who know her, our meeting didn't take place until the other night.

Being the mother of Francis is important enough, but it was as the wife of the late Charles Harris Whitaker, founder and editor of the *Journal* of the American Institute of Architects, that she received the experiences that gave richness, great happiness and a quality of splendor to her life.

Charles Whitaker, or "Skipper," as he was always called by his intimates, was prominently identified with the housing operations of the government for many years, and was a leader in the fight to break the "pork barrel" public buildings bill in Congress. He was the author of many books on housing, his last one, "Rameses to Rockefeller" being published in 1934. He left another manuscript, however, that Mrs. Whitaker is calling "The Rejected Stone" which Lewis Mumford has in hand at the present time.

Louis Sullivan, whose theory that form follows function was evolved years before architects began to experiment with functional design, was one of Skipper's great friends, and when he wrote his famous book, "The Autobiography of an Idea," it was Whitaker who published it. In "Rameses to Rockefeller," which carries on still further the Louis Sullivan tradition, Charles Whitaker wrote, in the dedication, one of the most beautiful tributes from one man to another that it has ever been my pleasure to read. The basis of the Louis Sullivan philosophy is that building is a social function and that architects should accept the responsibility for the physical environment of our people. Skipper not only carried on his ideas, but handed on the torch to many others.

The Whitakers always had a deep love and faith in the soil. During the days of the *Journal* (1913 to 1928), they had a 50-acre farm in Morris County, New Jersey, which they endeavored to make as nearly self-sustaining as possible. Their next-door neighbor was Henry Wright, the St. Louis architect. Together they dreamed of establishing a colony of craftsmen, and although the dream never materialized, a few things did develop with

(Continued on Page Seven)

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AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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REALISM'S PILGRIMS

Behold the holy Saint Stalin
With halo cocked above his bean
Enshrined upon an altar where
The pilgrims come to say a prayer,
To light a taper, ring a bell,
Or leave a coin to buy off hell,
And murmur, reverend of mien,
"Have mercy on us, Saint Stalin."

From Europe, where in days gone by
They viewed him with a baleful eye,
There come the wise men of the west,
Repentant that they've wrongly guessed
On who the devil was, and why,
To win his blessing, or to try,
And pray, with accents warm and keen,
"Have mercy on us, Saint Stalin."

It matters not that he may be
The same Stalin they used to see
As master of the firing squad,
The kulak's curse, the scourge of God.
They court him whether right or wrong,
For sainthood lies in being strong.
And long we'll hear the prayer, I ween,
"Have mercy on us, Saint Stalin."

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THE FOOL'S ERRAND

7. The Importance of Stomachs and Backs.

The Manufacturer and the Fool entered the city.

"Here our ways part," said the former, "And I can't say that I am sorry."

The Fool grinned goodnaturedly. Somewhere in this great metropolis was the Manufacturer's plant, and since he was getting so near to the source of his worries he could be forgiven for being testy.

"I don't blame you," the Fool replied. "But just why are you so glad to be rid of me?"

"Because you ask so many fool questions."

"Maybe I do," the Fool nodded seriously. "But on the other hand you have given me a great many fool answers. And please reflect that for every question I ask you I ask myself dozens—for which I can't even bluff an answer the way you do. Think how tough that must be."

"Then why don't you quit it?" demanded the Manufacturer.

"Because when a man stops asking questions he stops growing in the only place where growth counts. Being a fool, I can't know all the answers; but knowing that I can't, I'm not as big a fool as I might be.

The man who doesn't query
And scratch a puzzled head
Must face a world that's dreary
And meaningless and dead.
For life is in a yearning
For knowledge hidden still;
What's round the highway's turning,
What's past the distant hill.
So do not scorn or censure
The one who seeks for truth.
He's on a great adventure.
He's found the font of youth.
Just grubstake him with learning.
Inform him with a smile
For from his quest returning
He may bring things worth while."

"You think a lot of yourself, don't you?" snorted the Manufacturer. "But if you're so set on having people ask questions let me ask you one."

"Why, certainly," invited the Fool.

"All right. What is at the bottom of the nation's troubles?"

The Fool considered. He looked at the city, with half its chimneys idle. He saw men without jobs standing hopelessly in front of buildings. He saw empty stores, carts and other transportation facilities that had no loads to carry, storage houses whose open doors gave vistas of idleness within. He remembered the farms, with crops plowed under.

All these things spelled tragedy for someone. And each man, with his own tragedy in the foreground saw everything in its own peculiar light. But it seemed to the Fool that they must all be phases of the same fundamental trouble. It might all be expressed in a single word, if one could only find the word.

After a while he felt that he had found it.

"Waste," he ventured.

The light of friendliness broke in the Manufacturer's eyes.

"You're not so far from right!" he cried, clapping the Fool on the back. "Why, you're not such a fool after all."

"Oh yes I am," the Fool insisted. "For even if I'm right about what's wrong I don't know what to do about it."

"But the answer is simple," the Manufacturer declared. "It's up to the king to stop the wasteful processes of his government. Let him just—"

Tapping him on the arm, the Fool pointed at the unemployed men.

"Waste!" he interrupted.

He pointed to the smokeless chimneys.

"Waste!"

He pointed at the empty stores, the idle carts, the yawning warehouses.

"Waste. Waste. Waste."

"But that isn't what I mean," the Manufacturer objected.

"It's what *I* mean, though," the Fool persevered. "You have shops lying idle, shops that cost you money. That's waste. Over there are muscles lying idle; and stores lying idle; and carts lying idle. And there are stomachs lying idle, stomachs that might help wheels to spin and carts to move if they could be put to work."

"What have stomachs to do with it?" the Manufacturer protested.

The Fool smiled. Then drawing a long breath he expounded:

"The stomachs to feed and the backs to be clad
Are all of them grist for your mill.
I'm not going to argue that hunger is sad
But just that conditions are bound to be bad
Till stomachs to feed and till backs to be clad
Mean orders for business to fill.

For one man must buy that another may sell
As you, to your cost, must have found.
To think about profits is all very well.
You have to, but plain mathematics should tell
That one man must buy that another may sell
It's something you can't get around.

So fill up the stomachs and cover the backs.
It offers you plenty of room.
Provide for the needy the thing that he lacks.
Prosperity, if you'll get down to brass tacks,
Means fill up the stomachs and cover the backs
And watch how your business will boom."

The Manufacturer scratched his head.

"There may be something in what you say," he observed, with an evident effort to be fair. "But we can't just make things and give them away, you know."

"You're right," agreed the Fool. "But those men who would like to buy food and clothes have labor that they would like to sell."

"True," agreed the Manufacturer. "But that labor won't pay for all the food and clothes. There's a gap in between. Industry would fall into that gap—and the only boom we'd get if we tried your way is the 'fall down and go boom' kind. And the government is—"

"I know," interrupted the Fool, eager to keep off a moot question. "You're going to say it's destroying confidence. But confidence that even an inefficient government can destroy must be built upon pretty weak foundations. I wish—"

He paused.

"What do you wish?" asked the Manufacturer.

"I wish I could get a bird's eye view of the workings of the market place. For I suspect that there's something there that is destroying both your confidence and that of the government and making you work at cross purposes."

"Then come with me," the Manufacturer invited. "My office overlooks the market place. You can stand in the window and look out, and I'll have one of my secretaries explain things to you."

"Now we're getting somewhere," rejoiced the Fool. Then as an afterthought, "I hope your secretary is good looking."

"He is," chuckled the Manufacturer.

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TAX PAYMENT BY PRODUCTION

Capital Goods.

In unfolding my plan for Tax Payment by Production I have once or twice suggested that I would consider capital goods—those goods which are not consumed directly but are used to produce other goods—separately.

The reason for this is that while individual buying power supports the market for consumer goods it does not directly support the market for capital goods. Persons reemployed through the working of the labor cost refunds in the plan I have outlined in previous articles wouldn't use their wages to buy steel rails and looms and cash registers. They'd use them to buy groceries and clothes and transportation and amusements, and so on.

The same is true of the new buying power to be distributed through reduction of those taxes which increase the cost of living.

Of course when people buy more sheets the manufacturers of sheets are likely to buy more machinery, but this effect is indirect and not immediate. It couldn't be counted on to balance the market for capital goods promptly enough to move the new goods of this type produced.

A blanket Tax in Kind on all industry would require as much new production, and sustained new production, from United States Steel as from United Groceries. And therefore United States Steel would require as much new support, and sustained new support, for its market.

In 1929 the nation produced about $11,000,000,000 worth of capital goods. And if the Tax in Kind induced a 20 per cent increase in production $2,200,000,000 worth of tax induced goods would have to be moved in addition to the $11,000,000,000 worth.

There is a tremendous potential market for capital goods at present, but it is hindered by two things. One is a lagging demand for consumer goods, caused by unemployment and lack of consumer buying power. The other is the comparative poverty of industry. It can't afford to pay for its equipment the prices which the makers have to charge.

Now, the labor cost refunds, with their reemployment and consequent distribution of new buying power, and the tax remissions, with their accompanying reduction of the cost of living, would take care of the lagging demand for consumer goods. Eventually they would help industry out of its poverty, too, but in the mean time capital goods would have to be moved.

And our way of providing a market for them would be to allow the tax discounts on capital goods to go right through to their final buyer—the railroad or mill or the farmer or whoever it was that used them. Thus their cost to the buyer would be cut by 20 per cent, and his present capital goods budget would be sufficient to move the tax goods in addition to today's output.

Yet since the manufacturer of capital goods would have his extra expenses refunded through the labor cost refunds his total net profit would not be reduced. It would, in fact, be increased because of the removal of other taxes upon him. He would sell more goods for the same amount of money and yet net somewhat more out of the transaction.

Offhand it may seem that maintaining the market of producers of capital goods while at the same time allowing them labor cost refunds would give them an unfair advantage over the consumer goods division. But the labor cost refunds which the capital goods industries received would go not to support their market but to take up consumer goods. A steel mill worker buys groceries, not rails, just as does a grocery clerk.

Of course it isn't always easy to differentiate between capital goods and consumer goods. But in most cases it is not tremendously difficult. And where the line of demarcation is vague the market of the producer of marginal goods is usually supported principally by the consumer goods buyers. A competent commission could draw such a line with reasonable fairness.

And with the cost of capital goods cut by 20 per cent and the output and sale of consumer goods boosted by 20 per cent we should see an awful lot of smoke in Pittsburgh. The chances are that there would be an independent boom in the heavy goods industries that would send their output increase far beyond 20 per cent. For the future would offer something to encourage reequipment.

Moreover, the subsidized price reductions on capital goods should do a lot for industry in general. They would cut the cost of such goods to all enterprisers, large and small, whether in the capital goods or the consumer goods division. They would accelerate an increase in our productive capacity, and incidentally an increase in the net return from a tax on that capacity. And they would serve as a counterbalance for business fluctuations.

When business slackened off the amount of unused capacity would increase. The tax rate would then be raised to bring that capacity into play, and the subsidy rate would go up with the tax rate, since the tax discount would go right through to the buyer of capital goods. So the net cost of capital goods would drop, and far sighted industrialists would invest in plant improvements if they found it at all possible, thus restoring an upward swing.

However, I don't believe that with Tax Payment by Production in force we'd have any very great business fluctuations.

The greatest good that the capital goods discounts would do for us, though, is to put the profits back into the profit system. I'll explain that next.

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"THE POSSIBLE YOU" TO BE DR. McKEE'S SERMON TOPIC

"The Possible You" will be the subject of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon this Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Carmel Community Church.

Sunday's calendar begins with the Church School at 9:45 a.m. Dr. McKee's Bible Class meets at 10 o'clock a.m., and the Junior Group at 5 o'clock p.m.

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"The wittles is up!"

We had a simple but exciting method for manufacturing frosting —we never called it *icing*—to adorn the sand cakes of my extreme youth.

"Mud pies" I know nothing about from personal experience. At home, before school closed and after it began in the fall, we climbed trees, rode bicycles, played paper dolls and pursued those various occupations suitable to life in the city. It didn't occur to us to fool around with mud pies. That sort of play belonged to our summers at Plum Island where we had endless tons of nice clean yellow sand at our disposal. Sand cakes we considered infinitely superior to plebeian mud pies. Made skillfully of sand at just the right wetness they could be turned out of tin cans and bowls to form elegant firm little culinary products.

They were, now that I think of it, perhaps more epemeral than similar cakes made of mud and baked in the sun, because as soon as the sand cakes dried they began to disintegrate at the edges and finally became shapeless little mounds of fluid sand again. But they usually lasted quite long enough to suit the fleeting interests of childhood, for there was always something else to do equally fascinating.

To get back to the frosting, however. This is how we went about it. Just before it was time for the half-hourly car from town to come thundering along the track laid close behind our shed we carefully spread a length of iron rail with sand. I don't know why, but in my memory we always called it "the car" and not "the trolley." The trolley, you see, was quite definitely that little wheel which made the contact between the overhead wire and the motor. This trolley furnished us much entertainment. It had a way of slipping off frequently which occasioned a little excitement and at the end of the line it had also to be pulled down and hooked to the roof of the car while the other trolley was released in order to reverse the direction. We watched this process always with great interest because it usually involved several attempts before the motorman succeeded in making the trolley hit the wire. I seem to have left the track myself but returning to the subject of frosting—

After the car had passed we found that it had obligingly and thoroughly converted our ordinary sand into fine white powdered sugar. We scooped this up and spread it over the waiting cakes with satisfactory effect. That was all there was to it.

Not very much that was edible grew in that sandy summer playground of ours, but one harvest it did produce that still seems to me a delicacy worthy of special mention. Have you ever eaten jelly made of beach plums? Of course, it isn't possible to describe a taste but beach plum jelly is tart and rich and has an odd little *Beigeschmack* which is as characteristic a flavor as olives. Just as New England's shores, with their rugged granite rocks battered by cold surf and their coarse marsh grasses, are different from the soft green meadows and mild sandy coves of more southern shores, so beach plum jelly has a definite personality that makes other jellies seem to me a little effete in comparison. That word isn't perhaps the one I want but the right one won't come to me until this is already in type.

Anyhow, once a year, at the end of a perfect summer, we went plumming. Each of us carried a pail or basket or bag and we put on sneaks and stockings to protect us from the poison ivy among which the plums most inconveniently flourished. And every year regularly I brought back with the plums my case of poisoning—just above where my stockings ended and between my fingers where the tender skin had apparently not been tanned to immunity. But even that could not discourage me from taking part in the annual excursion for Plum Island plums.

It wasn't only the prospect of jelly, jam and preserves that was so alluring—it was the fun of getting the plums. Being September when they were ripe for picking, it was usually a day of exhilarating northwest winds, of brilliant sunshine, of deepest blue water flecked with whitecaps racing across its surface. It was a day made more precious by the knowledge that our vacation freedom was nearly at an end. In another day or two we would be pulling long black stockings over our tanned legs and spending hours in school at a desk. And I mean at a desk. We had, it is true, a few minutes of mild calisthenics each morning and afternoon but the rest of the time we stayed put in one room and in one seat.

The part of our plumming I remember as the greatest fascination was the feeling of adventure in going to strange parts of our island, seldom explored at any other time. We knew every inch of the sandy hills and hollows on the ocean side of the salt-water inlet we called "the basin." We had walked every piazza fence, climbed onto every roof, in short, had played "stumps" with youthful assurance and casual courage over and around all the long line of cottages facing the sea. These were our everyday haunts, but going "across the basin" was traveling to foreign territory.

I can still remember vividly the thrill of exploring those little wild hollows full of chokecherry trees, tangled bushes and poison ivy, which seemed almost like a jungle to us after a summer on the bare sand. I can remember, also, the one or two old weatherbeaten shacks, boarded and empty, which had an air of mystery nothing on our side of the basin suggested. Actually they were the most prosaic of little cottages with nothing faintly romantic unless it were their lonely situation, the narrow strand between the wide-reaching marshes on one side and the basin on the other. And yet they were within sight and walking distance of the highway and the electric car to the city!

We would not have found this alien territory romantic very long, I fear, had we been forced to live in one of those houses. It was too far from the clean, foaming ocean breakers we reveled in every day and it was too beset by swarms of midgets and mosquitoes. For one day, however, it was transmuted by our youthful and incorrigibly romantic imagination to a land of unfamiliar joys and possible dangers, which I'll never be able to forget. There was a deep hollow among the sand dunes where you could dig down less than a couple of feet and find fresh water. Dipping it up in the palm of your hand you sipped it while you listened to the ocean surf not too far away to be plainly heard—and wondered why it was not salt water! We tasted each year the black chokecherries, hopeful that this time they wouldn't pucker our mouths. They looked so good it seemed as if they must be eatable. The beach plums, even at their ripest when they were a lovely dusty blue in color, were not tempting enough in their natural state, as I remember it, to disappear in any quantity. We had to provide for our hunger by a picnic lunch of less exotic food. Well, even if a day of plumming can never again be the high adventure it was so many years ago, Plum Island plum jelly tastes better to me now than it ever did. Fifty-one High Street, please note!

—CONSTANT EATER

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LA COLLECTA CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS FOR YEAR

The following officers were elected to serve the next six months at the La Collecta Club meeting last week: Mrs. D. E. Nixon, president; Mrs. Howard Timbers, vice-president; Mrs. Victor Graham, secretary; Mrs. John Albee, treasurer; Mrs. Clara Louise Beller, press chairman.

The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Floyd Harber. Mrs. A. B. Crouch was hostess and Miss Flora Gifford was in charge of the program which consisted of a review of an article from the May *Reader's Digest* on Edgar Wallace, a biographical sketch based on the book by Margaret Lane, a guessing game and the celebration of the birthday of Mrs. G. Prior.

Next meeting will be July 5 and it will be a pot luck picnic at the home of Mrs. Cecil Haskell.

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REV. C. J. HULSEWE LEAVES NEXT WEEK FOR EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE IN AMSTERDAM

The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, will deliver his final sermon at the 11 o'clock service this Sunday morning before leaving for the Amsterdam Conference and during this service the Corporate Communion of the Parish will be held.

During Mr. Hulsewé's absence, the pulpit of All Saints' will be filled by the Rev. Egbert Clark, M.A., Dean of Men of the Junior College at Santa Rosa.

The Service of the Holy Communion will be held at 8 o'clock a.m. next Sunday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyers and their son, Frank, are here from Kansas City and will spend the summer at Sun Dial Court Apartments.

TAXI?
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Adolph Teichert Heard in Fine Piano Recital

Friends of Frank Wickman and Adolph Teichert gathered at the Wickman studio at Carmel Highlands last Saturday afternoon to listen to the music Adolph has been working on since last October. It was the first time he had played it for any audience and this particular audience, composed as it was of people who know music thoroughly and who have been watching the development of Frank Wickman's pupils with a personal, but none the less critical interest, was probably as difficult an audience as any young pianist might find. Adolph, however, came through the ordeal nobly. If he was nervous, and he must have been, we were not aware of it and no trace of it was evident in his playing. In fact, he has the faculty of a complete detachment from his audience, which should be no end of help to him in the concert career he is carving out for himself.

The program opened with the Bach *Prelude* and *Fugue in D-Mi-or*, followed by the *Partita in B-Flat* which is one of the most satisfying of the Bach works, including as it does a prelude, allemande, courante, sarabande, minuettes No. 1 and No. 2, and a gigue. In building a program, it has become a habit to open with Bach, which I consider unfortunate. We would have been more attuned to full reception if we had been previously prepared by hearing the little known, but mature and incredibly beautiful Beethoven *Sonata in F-Sharp Major* which came second on the program. Adolph proved his ability in this. He has sufficiently mastered his technique so that he is free to give us an interpretation of irreproachable taste and intelligence.

Adolph Teichert can play Chopin. He gave us the *Nocturne in C-Sharp Minor* and the supremely beautiful and imaginative *Fantasy in F-Minor*. Completely aware of all the moods and nuances of moods that lie in the music of this master, he was more than adequate.

The program closed with that diabolically spectacular narrative of Debussy, *Fireworks*, in which he had a fine chance to demonstrate his greater facility and virtuosity. At its close Charles Sumner Greene tapped me on the shoulder and said, "We have reason to be proud of that boy." As we all know, praise from Mr. Greene is praise indeed.

Oddly enough the idea of an encore hadn't occurred to either Adolph or Wicky, but when one was demanded they cast around hastily and the *C-Sharp Minor Etude* of Chopin was delivered in fine style. Afterwards Adolph expressed the wish that he had made some other choice, but I don't know why. I certainly enjoyed it.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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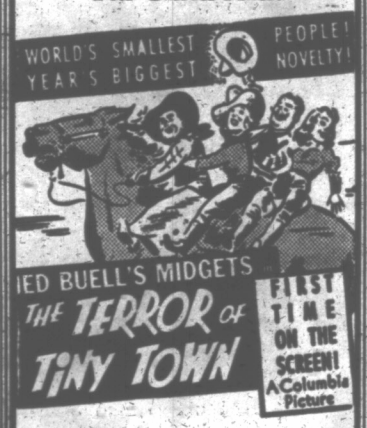
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Sons of Bach to Have Their Evening In Carmel's Festival This Year

They called their father, profanely enough, "the old peruke." These sons of Bach. And they had the fond tolerance for the old man that is the eternal prerogative of all young whippersnappers toward a parent who cuts rather an odd and fading picture against the contemporary landscape; a figure that seems to them just a shade laughable and fearfully out-of-the-date. So, when the evening came and the time for their domestic concert—with Wilhelm Friedermann and Carl Philipp Emanuel and little Johann Christian and all the rest seated ready at the clavecins, and the small sisters playing about and Anna Magdalena hurrying around to get things shipshape, they smiled amongst themselves and wondered if the Old Peruke would never get home from that tiresome school and their fun begin.

If there was one among them whose face lit up with a fine engaging smile when the heavy footsteps were heard in the passage outside, it was the little Johann Christian, Bach's eighteenth child and youngest of the famous Bach sons. While his older brothers were still at home for these nightly concerts he must, indeed, have been nothing more than a baby. But he was the favorite son of his father's old age and nothing that went on at the various instruments in the room escaped his ears. And the old Bach, now in his late years, would in truth have been happy had he known what fame and favor of fortune would elate the whole life of this child. Bach has said in a number of places, in fact, that these concerts with his children constituted the most felicitous moments of his life.

Beginning on the Tuesday night of this year's Festival, there will be a departure for the first time in the history of the Carmel Bach Festival, from the music of Johann Sebastian. The *Symphony in B Flat* by this same Johann Christian will inaugurate a whole evening devoted to the music of Bach's sons. Besides this eighteenth of his twenty children, there will also be represented music by Wilhelm Friedermann Bach, the first of his sons, and Carl Philipp Emanuel, the second son and the most important of his many musical progeny.

Bach approached the teaching of his eldest son with all the fresh joy of passing to his first-born the dearest gift in his possession. Early in his life, Wilhelm Friedermann showed greater promise than even his exacting father had hoped and at the age of ten Bach wrote for him the well-known *Clavier Buchlein vor Wilhelm Friedermann Bach*. A beloved and prodigiously industrious son in his father's service, he received an important post while still very young and for a number of years meritoriously the name of Bach. Like all musicians of his time, he began composing at the same time he began performing on an instrument and at this, too, he excelled. It looked as if the Old Peruke would raise up to his glory a son to compare with himself.

But the great iron tower of strength that was Johann Sebastian was not in his oldest son and in his late youth he became addicted to drink and to wandering, and, although posterity has judged him to be better artistically than any of the sons, he spent the rest of his life dissipating his talents; in long fruitless improvisations which he was too indolent to put down on paper; in going from place to place seeking fame without labor—which was the exact reverse of his father's will and method. To the enormous sorrow of the Leipzig master, his son was at one time guilty of plagiarizing his father Having been commissioned to write a piece for some occasion and having used one of the Passions of the elder Bach, he signed his own name to it. Someone in the audience recognized the music and exposed the offender. In his old age, this once illustrious son wandered from place to place seeking a few pupils, an occasional engagement. Sara Levi, the grandmother of Mendelssohn, was a pupil. Fortunately, Bach did not live to see the eventual degradation of his young hope.

But Carl Philipp Emanuel made up for his brother's dereliction, and, indeed, for many years it looked as if he and the young Johann Christian had outstripped their sire in sheer musical genius. Emanuel was left-handed and this restricted his performanec to the organ and the clavier. Perhaps for the very reason—and God bless our limitations—this Emanuel Bach did more for the development of pianoforte playing than any man of his time and was the greatest of his generation.

Sebastian Bach, indeed, was the last of a great period; he took the musical forms already created for him—the chorales and the Passions and the fugues—and for all time breathed the spark of life into them. It was in the generation of his sons that a new music art arose, coming to its first perfection in the genius of Haydn. When we hear the Tuesday night performance of the music of the sons of Bach, this notable fact will leap out and smite us perhaps, as it did the Festival orchestra the other night when, after a long evening of the elder Bach, Usigli precipitated them into the *Symphony* of Johann Christian.

And I think it of the utmost interest and significance here and now to quote Albert Schweitzer on this same subject of transitional periods. He says:

"The more we try to see into the development of things, in any field whatever, the more we become conscious that to each epoch there are set certain limits of knowledge, before which it has to come to a halt, and always at the very moment when it was apparently bound to advance to a higher and definitive knowledge that seemed just within its grasp. The real history of progress in physics, philosophy and religion, and more especially in psychology, is the history of incomprehensible cessations, of conceptions that were unattainable by a given epoch, in spite of all that happened to lead up to them—of the thoughts it did not think, not because it could not, but because there was some mysterious command upon it not to."

—Lynda Sargent

We Think They're Interesting

(Continued from Page Four)

lasting results:—Francis got his first impetus into craft work there; Roger Millen, another neighbor whom they taught to use the loom they soon acquired, is specializing on the weaving of white woolen fabrics and today is famous for them; Henry Wright, Jr., is an associate editor on *Architectural Forum*.

In 1928 the Whitakers went to Europe to live. In Greece, where they lived for several years, Skipper began to photograph Greek architecture, and today his is one of the most complete collections in the world. A complete set is in the Burnham architectural library at the Chicago Art Institute, and the Library of Congress has the negatives. Dr. Leicester Holland, director of the library, is planning on establishing an architectural slide service with them. Mrs. Whitaker is busying herself in Carmel by making a partial collection of them for Francis.

In Spain, where the Whitakers also lived, Skipper turned the lens of his camera upon the ornamental ironwork that is so typical of the decoration in Spanish architecture. Francis has the complete collection and has undoubtedly turned to them many times in designing his own fine iron work.

Among other things, "Who's Who" mentions the fact that Whitaker studied art in Europe, and that in 1905 he went there to study printing, especially the reproductive processes, spending nearly 10 years at it. Mrs. Whitaker tells me that he intended being a musician in the beginning. Anyhow, he made 96 transatlantic crossings, which may or may not be a record, and his collection of early lithographs is important enough to repose in the Library of Congress.

In August of last year Charles Harris Whitaker died. He died in the pre-revolutionary log cabin down in Fairfax County, Virginia, where he and Mrs. Whitaker settled after returning from Europe. In revolutionary times it was called "Drover's Rest," because it was half-way between Loudoun County and the markets of Georgetown. General Washington mentions the place many times in his diary.

Now Gene's home is here. She has a tiny place all to herself up in Carmel Woods, and on Wednesday and Friday mornings she is at the Shop of the Carmel Craftsmen. Look her up! She is a grand person!

—Marjorie Warren

WPA RECREATION PROJECT IN CARMEL MAY MEET YOUR PERSONAL NEED

The WPA Recreation Project in Carmel is doing nicely, thank you.

More and more children and adults are taking advantage of the recreation privileges at Sunset School.

The hours are from 10 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night, except Saturdays and Sundays. If you, especially if you're an adult, find need for recreation (and who doesn't, at times) you can find it at Sunset School. There's the baseball field, if you want to toss balls around, or bat 'em, and there's the gymnasium inside with table tennis and badminton, if that strikes your fancy.

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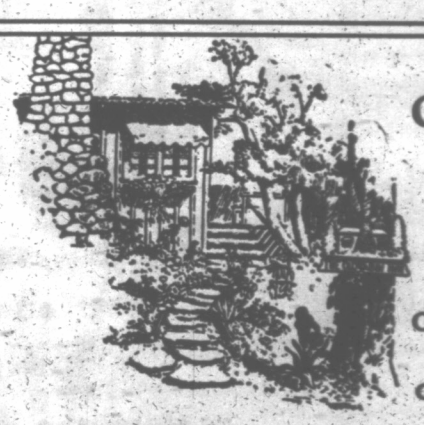

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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. T. B. Wilson of Carmel Highlands and Mrs. Jim Cooke of Carmel left last Saturday by plane for the New York World's Fair. They'll be back tomorrow, also by plane. And the two sons of the T. B. Wilsons, Bennie Bob and Baine, with Keith Birlem, San Jose football player, to keep an eye on them, left last week-end with the New York Fair as their destination, too. Only they went by boat through the Panama Canal. They will fly back, however.

+

Ella Young was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea at Carmel Highlands from Tuesday until Thursday of last week. The Saturday before she delivered her scheduled lecture to librarians at International House at the University of California. The O'Sheas are looking forward to a longer visit from Miss Young a little later on.

+

Dr. F. V. Randol is taking his family down to Robles del Rio for the summer months. He has taken the Conrad Imelman house there.

+

Colonel and Mrs. L. W. McIntosh waved a sad farewell last Sunday to their two young nieces, Elma and Jean Flint, who returned to their home in Auburn, Placer County, after a week spent at the Robles del Rio home of their aunt and uncle.

+

The Stephen Downeys from Sacramento have taken the Alfred Wolff house on San Antonio from July 1 and the family will be in Carmel through the early part of August.

+

Jane and Martha Millis left on Wednesday of this week for Reno where they will join the houseparty of the Lester Summerfields. They will be the guests of Mary Win and Nancy Summerfield who were in Carmel last summer for a week or two with Martha and Wendy Downey. Wendy will also be on this houseparty which will last for a week or ten days.

+

Mrs. Grace Goldsworthy, Edith Goldsworthy and Helen Goldsworthy Wood of Los Angeles, sister and nieces of Mrs. Tony Lawrence, stopped off at the Lawrence Ranch at Robles del Rio the other day on their way to San Francisco.

+

Contrary to reports, Dody Dorcy is not in Honolulu but up at the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco where they are trying to see if they can diagnose the strange paralysis she has. Dody's brother, Laurie, is an interne there, and will see to it that things get done. Dody expects to be in the hospital a week or so, and afterwards will visit for a while with Laurie at his San Francisco apartment.

+

Mrs. Karl Morgan Block and daughter, Virginia, were house-guests of Mrs. Vera Peck Millis last week-end and were joined on Sunday by Bishop Block who came up on that day from San Luis Obispo. They all left last Monday morning for San Francisco.

+

Bill Wood was host last Friday night to about 40 of his friends at a dancing party at Robles del Rio Lodge. Music was supplied by Nick Marotta and everyone danced gaily in the lounge until midnight when a light supper was served. Bill's mother, Mrs. L. C. Wood, assisted him in greeting the guests, among them Colonel and Mrs. L. W. McIntosh, Elma and Jean Flint, Barbara Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgh, Frank and Marjory Lloyd, Mrs. Loa Lloyd, Barnet Segal, Jack Neff, Tom Webb, Larry Williams, Betty Edgemond, Drury Saunders and a few of his cowboys from Del Monte Guest Ranch, Mr. and Mrs. Al Wilson, Marguerite Tickle, Arthur Clay and Miss Audrey Clay, Mrs. E. M. Paget, Miss June Paget and Harry Freeman, all from Sydney, Australia, and Miss S. M. Wikander of Honolulu.

+

Mrs. E. R. Tutt will leave her Stanford Court apartment in San Francisco this week-end and will be at the John Ward house at Ocean and Carmelo for the months of July and August.

+

Frank Lloyd's brother, Dr. David Lloyd, with his wife, Dr. Kathleen Elliott Lloyd, and their six-weeks-old daughter, Marion Gwenellen, arrived in Carmel Wednesday from Toronto and will be here for several months. They will be with Dr. Lloyd's parents, Prof. and Mrs. Francis E. Lloyd, during their stay here. Dr. Lloyd has been doing research at the Banting Institute in Toronto.

+

Anne Greene and her sister Lala (Mrs. Michel Penha) attended the opening concert given by the Budapest String Quartet at Mills College last Sunday. Both girls have registered for classes at the summer session at the University of California.

+

Marie and Elizabeth Sellars, cousins of Mrs. Louise Mathiot of Rancho Carmelo, are due to arrive at the ranch tomorrow and will be there a week. Marie, who formerly headed the Woman's Magazine of the Air, is now in the editorial department of General Foods. Elizabeth lives in Westchester, Pa., and teaches music in the public schools of Wilmington, Delaware.

+

Mr. and Mrs. William Plein and son, Billy, are now in Roseland, Nebraska, and will be gone indefinitely. During their absence Arline and Theora (Mrs. Leon Foster) are living in the house on North Lincoln.

+

The George Marions are entertaining George's daughter, Ruth Marion McElroy, and her daughter, Anne, who arrived this week from Panama. Anne plans to enter the Dominican Convent at San Rafael in the fall.

+

Friends of Dr. Leland T. Chapin of Stanford will be interested to know that he sailed from New York last week and will meet his fiancee, Miss Lilian Christian Macpherson, and her family in Southampton. They will all go up to Edinburgh where the Macphersons have their home, and return to London for the wedding ceremony on July 14.

+

The Peter Burks have another child, a girl, born last Friday at the Children's Hospital in San Francisco. Peter and Joan are up there now, feeling rather unimportant, but wanting to keep as close as possible to Mrs. Burk and the newest member of the family.

+

Walter Gaddum, resident of Carmel for the past six years, has departed for New York where he will open a bookkeeping and auditing business on his own.

+

Mrs. Loa Lloyd returned to Carmel and her classes at the Carmel Institute on Wednesday morning after having spent a long week-end with friends in Palo Alto.

+

The Henry Potter Russells with Phyllis and Howland are back again at their Carmel Valley ranch for the summer. Phyllis has been with her grandmother, Mrs. Daisy Harriman, American ambassador to Norway, since last October, and her mother and father, who have been traveling in Europe since early spring, stopped at Oslo on their way home to bring Phyllis back with them.

+

Home from the Cates School in Carpenteria for summer vacation are Dick Tevis, Stuyvesant Fish and John Hately. Dick and Stuyv were graduated this year.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Mertin C. Wade, Jr., and their daughter, Holly, are down from Berkeley and at their Carmel house, *Holly-Oaks*, for the summer. They are busy entertaining friends, particularly Holly's friends. Last week-end she had Adele de Fremery, Mary Ann Cords, Jack Hughes, Joe Putnam and Chris Anderson down for swimming, horseback riding and dancing at Del Monte. This week Holly has three of her classmates from the Anna Head school visiting with her. They are Marion Mayhew, Helen Louise Crans and Louise Warwick. The parent Wades will entertain Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Higgins of Oakland this week-end and will be aided in this by Major and Mrs. William Chapman, their intimate friends over in Pacific Grove to whom they'll soon be saying farewell, as Major Chapman has been ordered to report at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, very soon.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Geyer (Marguerite Moll) returned from their wedding trip last Monday and are at home in Monterey. On Wednesday night their friends landed on them without warning for a shivaree and demnostrated their joy and approval of this union which took place without previous announcement at Reno, Nevada, June 15.

+

Mrs. Vernon Goodwin of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club left for Yellowstone Park this week to join her husband there for the summer.

+

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lucey and their two children have taken the Jarvis home at Pebble Beach for the summer. The Luceys are from New York.

+

Miss Bernice Bird, of Rochester, N.Y., spent a few days in Carmel this week as the guest of Miss Marion Clark and her mother, Mrs. F. H. Clark, at *Green Breakers* on the Point. This was Miss Bird's first visit to Carmel and she was shown all the points of interest. Along with her pictures of beautiful scenery she will take back East with her a vivid memory of our summer fogs!

+

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair G. Trimble of San Francisco spent an abbreviated honeymoon week-end at Highlands Inn. Mrs. Trimble was Miss Frances Castelhun, daughter

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of Dr. Paul Castelhun of San Francisco and cousin of Mrs. W. K. Bassett of Carmel. She is at present a laboratory technician at one of the hospitals in the city. Mr. Trimble is editor and publisher of the *Richmond Banner*. The Trimbles are planning a real honeymoon in Hawaii about November.

+

Mrs. Otto Schasberger, mother of Bert Taylor, arrived last Tuesday from Long Island, N.Y., and will stay for two months with her son and daughter-in-law and her new grandson at their home on Santa Fe. Her husband will arrive in time for the Bach Festival. As a composer he is interested in music in general and Bach in particular.

+

Miss Jane Stafford Hughes was married last Saturday evening to Joseph Elliot Carty at the Salinas home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Charles Hughes. The bride has many friends in Carmel. Carty is the son of Mrs. George R. Stuart of Knoxville, Tennessee. He is a graduate of the University of Tennessee and for the past three years has made his home in Salinas where he is connected with the real estate offices of George S. Gould.

+

Commander M. J. Peterson and Major William Kneass are finally in Canada on their long-delayed fishing trip. A couple of chickadees caused the delay. They decided to have a family in Pete's creel in the garage at the Peterson home in Hatton Fields. Connubial and maternal felicity could not be disturbed. After about a month the young were able to get going and so Pete and Major Kneass got going.

+ + +

BUSINESS ASSOCIATION ASKS ANDERSON ABOUT CHANCES FOR CARMEL POST OFFICE

Things may begin seething in Carmel again in regard to a desirable site for a federal building. The Carmel Business Association has asked Congressman John Z. Anderson if there is any chance that the present Congress will make an appropriation for a Carmel post office before the end of the present session. Anderson recently informed Capt. J. Shelburn Robison, president of the association, that Carmel is second on the list in the Eighth Congressional district of cities eligible for new post office construction.

+ + +

BOY RESCUES TWO GIRLS WHO GET OUT TOO FAR IN CARMEL BREAKERS

Nancy McKillican of Oakland and Mary McClure of Piedmont, summer visitors in Carmel, were rescued from breakers on Carmel Beach last Sunday by Peter Boies of Piedmont. The girls had gotten beyond their depth and the tide was making it difficult for them to get back to the beach. Boies was able to bring them in safely before police aid arrived. All three of the principals in the incident are 14 years old.

+ + +

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Slate's Springs Becoming Glorified Group of Tubs Under Hand of Lennart Palme of Carmel

The scene was the ancient Esselen village of Echekya and some version of the same ceremony undoubtedly took place there many times before any recorded history of this beautiful spot.

This custom was honorable in antiquity long before it was recorded in Genesis as a symbol of the everlasting life.

Modern Americans, living in the stone canyons of modern cities, pursued by mechanized monsters, have gotten so far from their rural cultural traditions that most of them have forgotten that the Revolutionary fathers and mothers of America, during the War of Independence, planted young trees to symbolize for them the growth of Liberty in the new land. France took heed of the way in which the American Tree of Liberty grew and spread, and, after the fall of the Bastile, instituted a yearly raising of the Tree of Liberty.

The years slide by. The Indian city of Echekya vanishes; becomes known as Slate's Springs. A concrete road cuts through the wild and lovely Big Sur coast country and after it come commercial enterprises.

But few commercial ventures anywhere will be able to boast that they had their beginnings in anything so ancient and picturesque as the Tree Raising ceremony held over the new roof of Taki-tak, the resort building being constructed at the famed sulphur springs.

On Saint John's Eve, June 23, the day on which all Scandinavian countries venerate the Tree-Spirit, Lennart Palme of Carmel, who is architect and construction superintendent, was host to a party for the workers who are building the lodge, the family who will own the building, and their friends.

Most of the guests were at first frankly bewildered and went about whispering to each other, "What's it all about, anyway?"

They had been invited to a party, and here they were, but over their heads saws buzzed, hammers rang, and the blows re-echoed from the golden mountains which guard the hot springs. There was no sign of anything resembling a party.

But Palme strode smiling among his workmen, and then things began to commence. Carpenters, masons, plumbers and their helpers laid down the tools of their trades and began to gather the tall wild flowers which grow lushly right up to the very edge of the recent excavation scars. Three men were sent out to bring in the proper sort of a green tree to symbolize the Tree of Life, and this was to be given the place of honor on the top of the ridge pole.

Meanwhile the flowers had been tied in great bunches and hung along the top of the roof and down into what will eventually be the Lodge dining room. Magic was being done. Other workers built a long table of lumber that will soon be part of the finished building. Benches for guests were improvised in the same way from any building material at hand.

Covered with a gay picnic cloth and decorated with bunches of wild flowers and bright paper cups and plates, the table quickly took on a festive air which formal affairs never seem to achieve. From cartons and hampers luncheon appeared as though by magic. The guests were seated and Palme opened the party by proposing a toast to Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Murphy and to their new Lodge, Taki-tak.

A black-enameled contraption at the head of the table which the guests had variously guessed as being an electric plate warmer, or some mysterious part of the plumbing, turned out to be a two-fisted beer dispenser, and soon filled glasses for the toast.

Palme made an interesting short talk about Dr. Murphy's long dream of having a health resort in this spot where hot springs come from the earth to meet the sea in a place of perfect beauty.

Dr. Murphy has held to this dream ever since he bought the Slate's Hot Springs property in 1910, at which time it was most of a two-days' journey to reach the springs from Carmel. The young doctor was laughed at by friends and bankers alike, but he stubbornly believed that some day a good road would be built all the way to the springs, and that he would build on the site of this ancient village, an American version of the spas for which Europe is famed. Long before the road was any more than a gleam in some wild young engineer's eye, Dr. Murphy had two enameled tubs brought down by boat, hoisted up the cliff by cable, and piped with the hot sulphur water. There they sat, on their ledge facing the sea, with the sky for a ceiling . . . a blessing to a bathless 40 miles of coast.

Travelers heard of The Tubs, stopped and refreshed themselves, and the fame of the marvelous water spread from Boston to Paris; and all the time the dream of making this wonderful water more widely available stayed with the doctor.

Thirty years later, Palme said, the realized dream is here to be seen. Twenty tubs stand in their crates and will soon be in place with a ceiling of sky. The roof of the Lodge is on, and the Tree of Life is raised above it. Speaking for himself and for all the workmen who are taking part in the construction, Palme wished health and happiness to all who enter the wide doors of the new resort.

The Lodge will be called Taki-tak, which is the word the Esselen Indians had for this hot spring which they venerated.

Among those present to enjoy this delightfully different Scandinavian custom of house-blessing, were Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto, Johan Hagemeyer, Peter Conlon, Miss Jane Bouse, Mrs. Lotta Shipley, Mrs. John MacWillie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgh, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodrick and sons Joe and John; James Costello and Mrs. Wade Sargent of Monterey; Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Harrydick Ross of Big Sur.

—L. Bos Ross

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The day most thoroughly hated by Dogdom is the Fourth of July!

Most dogs are terrified by the din of explosions and are made miserable on this day because of the frightful nerve-wracking noises magnified many times by their keen ears. Nervous, sensitive dogs will consider it a great kindness if you put them in some quiet place where they won't be frightened by exploding fireworks and popping cap pistols.

+

That very elegant couple, *Albert* and *Victoria* Floyd, quaint Pug dogs belonging to Mrs. Floyd of Berkeley, are here again, lending a bit of "Gay Nineties" charm to the village. They have as their guest, *Bonny* Leslie, whose mistress, Mrs. Roscoe Leslie, is visiting Mrs. Floyd.

Victoria says she is much too fragile to venture out into the village, so *Albert* has been showing *Bonny* the sights. *Bonny* is a Scotch lass and she doesn't approve in the least of *Victoria's* "whimsies." *Albert*, gay blade that he is, is doing his best to give *Bonny* a good time, and is succeeding very well.

+

Dody Dorcy has acquired a protege named G-2 who, Dody claims is half pure-bred English collie and half pure-bred English Pointer (the best half of each, of course). G-2 alias *Pettigree*, was born at Camp Ord during maneuvers. What he lacks in family background, Dody says, he makes up in personality.

The youngster is staying with friends while Dody is sojourning at the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco.

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Rags, pet of the Presidio, is practicing her best salutes for the Fourth of July. She is the famous mascot of the 11th Cavalry Band, and whenever the band plays *Rags* sits up at attention on top of the big bass drum, a little soldier hat on her head. She finishes off with a flourishing salute at the end of each number.

The petite blonde also attends all the dances for which the band plays and often adds to the entertainment with a clever offering from her large bag of assorted tricks.

+

An adorable, tousled youngster named *Downah O'Shea*, dropped by, the other day, to say "hello." She is a friend of *Michael* (Yorkshire) Brown, former villager who is living in San Francisco now.

Downah is here with her mistress, Florence Atkinson, and this is her first visit. She thinks the beach is "simply marvelous!"

+

Another interesting red-headed youngster visiting here is *Skipper* Smith, a husky little Cocker from Berkeley. He thinks Carmel is marvelous, too, and runs all over town exploring and picking up so many burrs and stickers and the like that his young master, Sydney Smith, has to clean him with Spratt's dry cleaner. (Like most little boys, *Skipper* rebels at a soap-and-water bath.)

Sumner Prindle, Pianist of Radio Fame, Among Bach Festival Artists This Year

Here we have a picture of Old Bach, summoned, as had been a dear dream of his life, to play at the court of Frederick the Great; arriving cold and hungry and unkempt as travellers of that benighted century must be after a long-some journey, only to be summoned directly into the presence. Fritz was ever an impatient prince and it was no matter to him if one of the horses had gone lame or a shaft broken, but only that his hour of music had arrived, his guests seated in the gay panoply of the Potsdam palace, when a messenger came running and whispered . . It is Old Bach. Old Bach has arrived.

So he was bundled in and put to work. And presently old Fritz had him running all over the palace, a train of guests and attendants following much like the gallery that trails a golf star, in order that Bach, whose honor lay with the organ and the clavicembelo and the clavichord, might try out the new Silbermann pianofortes. Fifteen of them, Fritz had. All over the place.

Bach didn't like them, not for sour apples. They were harsh. They were, as someone has said, the "result of substituting an iron resonance for the clear and bright wood resonance" of his accustomed instruments.

Of course, a great deal has been done to the pianoforte to develop it into the grand pianos that will make their proud appearance on the platform at Sunset School for the Bach Festival. There are many who hold that the iron resonance is still there and that Sebastian would still draw down his great dark brows as he did that night at old Fritz. Others maintain as stoutly that the modern pianoforte approaches the boldest dreams of the master, yet even they will concede that the strength of pressure which they demand would shock the gentleman.

This controversy is like to rage forever, quietening and reviving, time without end. However that may be, the Carmel Bach Festival brings to the cause of the modern instrument this year such men as Sumner Prindle, whose genuine feeling for both the delicacy and the strength of his piano many of you may know already from his distinguished performances on the radio, through which medium he has just completed a series of thirty-eight concerts, playing one hundred and three works.

Prindle comes to the Festival with an established record of professional success and that in spite of his youth. He will perform the *Concerto in F Minor* on Thursday night's program and on Saturday night will be with Ralph Linsley and Douglas Thompson in the exciting 3-piano *Concerto in D Minor*.

+ + +

Diving, Swimming Exhibition at Del Monte

Sunday at the Roman Plunge will be a gala day. A luncheon on the lawn beside the pool is scheduled for 12 o'clock noon, with music by Freddie Nagel and his coast-to-coast radio orchestra, and swimming and diving exhibitions.

Later in the afternoon there will be an exhibition of tennis, starring Elizabeth Ryan, top-ranking tennis star and 19 times winner of doubles championships.

This is the first open-air luncheon of the summer season and will no doubt bring forth our gayest and most sophisticated crowds, and our loveliest ladies.

Del Monte golf course will be the scene of a special holiday tournament Sunday and Monday with 18 holes of play each day. Entries should be made with Peter Hay at the course, and players may arrange their matches for any time during the day. The entry fee is $1.

On Tuesday, July 4, there will be a diving exhibition at the Roman Plunge at 2 o'clock p.m. featuring such top-notchers as Helen Crlenkovich, senior national springboard diving champion; Betty Jo Dahl, junior national springboard diving champion; Ted Needham, all-American interscholastic diving champion; Oliver Goldsmith, interscholastic springboard champion; Jack Lavery, Pacific Coast springboard diving champion, and Diaz and Hanley, diving comedians.

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WU AND COMPANY

Carmel Prepares For Fifth Bach Festival

(Continued from Page One)

has been hard at work this winter on some of the great fugues and fantasias.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the conductor. Mr. Usigli has devoted a great deal more time this season to the work of shaping up his material than he could last year and that utterly passionate spirit of perfection—a spirit for perfection that matures with man—has taken hold of his performers so that, while they were a little intimidated by it last year, it not being the usual condition of mankind (alas!), they now recognize in it the absolutely necessary potion for the adequate brewing of Bach's own divine mess.

A beautiful picture of a beautiful woman came into this office yesterday—lovely and familiar Alice Mock whose voice in the Monday Cantata—"Praise Our God"—will be so suited to the splendor and livingness of that freshly ardent music. And with Miss Mock we welcome others already dear to us; Doris Ballard, concert mistress, who has come with her fiddle from a winter at the Juillard School; Ralph Linsley, who has been at the Festival's official piano all its life; our own Noel Sullivan, whose rich and well-loved bass brings the very heart of Carmel suddenly into the heart of Bach; Michel Penha, whose soul becomes the soul of cello, but whose body knows Ocean avenue well.

These are the known. Of the rest of the unfamiliar, Ary Van Leeuwen, whose flute has led him like a runagate Fallow deer—that odd little Asiatic fellow who cannot resist the notes of a flute and will wander far and far from home at its call—over a great part of the world, is preeminent. Robert Pollak, distinguished by his ability to play the violin against an international background which extends east and west around from Tokyo to Vienna to San Francisco and is now at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, will add the stringed woof of his violin to the magical warp of the harpsichord in the Brandenberg V, in addition to other important chores. Two solo tenors, Russell Horton and Robert Kidder, will come from the south, and Sten Englund and Edwin Dunning will be solo basses. Besides Ralph, there will be Sumner Prindle and Douglas Thompson at the pianos. Lou McIlvain will bring a fresh soprano in her reticule and Belva Kibler a surpassing contralto. Helen Mead Little, another solo flutist, completes the list of soloists.

And then again, of course, after he has put the spinach away for the night—or maybe he is eating it all now in preparation for his coming trials by trombone—there will be Chandler Stewart and his three sons heralding the night and its treasures of sweet sound.

I think the best news of the year, however, is the addition of the *Sanctus* to the B Minor Mass. Whatever else we may live for during the year—a feast day of our own, an anniversary, an eclipse of the sun, a trivial journey, a blessed reunion—one thing we have come to hold breath for here is the singing of the Mass on the final night of the Festival. It will be, as usual, this year in the old Mission of Carmel and to the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria* and the *Agnus Dei* which held us all taut and transported last year, this time the greatest of them all is added. There is no difference of opinion anywhere amongst the people who know that the *Sanctus* from the B Minor Mass of Bach is the most sublime music ever written for the human voice. In it Bach seems to have done what is seldom done here in this world at all except in those fleeting uncapturable moments when we see fine and clear the simple pure beauty of a universe for which God obviously intended us but which is forever elusive—when a clean wind blows upon us and we are purified. When you hear the *Sanctus* sung on the Sunday night of the Festival you may gather all such moments into the palm of your memory and hold them against the warm cheek of the All Mighty. —LYNDA SARGENT

At the Hotels and Resorts

MISSION RANCH CLUB

Mrs. Addie MacKnight couldn't have made a happier choice than the lamb stew she served as the backbone of her Sunday night buffet. Gosh, it was good! Last Sunday, if you remember, was a bit dank and dreary. You stayed in bed as long as possible, arose to hover over a blazing fire and, when the question of food arose, as it always does, the Mission-Ranch-Club-at-7-o'clock idea seemed not only logical, but practically inspired as it turned out. I'm afraid we all made pigs of ourselves.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lewis Snyder. The Snyders have just recently joined the club. They live in Berkeley but have three houses here in Carmel and seem to be spending more and more of their time here. In Berkeley they both do much with amateur theatricals and professionally, Snyder rates high in the A. I. A.

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MONTEREY PENINSULA COUNTRY CLUB

The second annual birthday dinner-dance will be celebrated at the Club on Monday night at 8:30 o'clock, featuring the music of Jay Franklin and his orchestra.

The annual Fourth of July barbecue will be held Tuesday and will be served on the putting green adjoining the patio of the club building. The romantically costumed Spanish Serenaders will stroll about between the tables and give you music while you eat. Here's hoping the fog doesn't begin to roll in.

Thursday-nighter diners heralded the music of the MPCC Trio with enthusiasm. This music will be a feature of these Thursday night affairs from now on.

The tournament committee of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club has announced an invitational fifty-four hole handicap match play tournament to run Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The entry fee is $1 to members of the club and $5 to invited guests.

+

RANCHO CARMELO

Ruth Casella, who came down again from San Francisco for a bit of dude-ranching, ended up her week last Sunday by attending the San Juan Fiesta. She and Kaydee took two of the beautiful three-year-old Palominos, *Pretty Boy* and *Bad Horse*, rode them in the parade, and at the rodeo Ruth entered in the best-dressed cowgirl and outfit event. Even though she didn't win, she had fun and came in for her share of admiration.

Among the guests who arrived at the ranch last week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stacey of Burlingame and their daughter, Suzanne. From San Francisco came Jack Popkin and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ansley, and Dr. Carl Wilson was down from Palo Alto and Helen Herman from San Jose.

Charles B. Hudson, Artist, Is Dead

Charles Bradford Hudson, internationally known artist and resident of Pacific Grove since 1907, died at his home Tuesday after an illness of only two weeks. He is survived by his wife, Grace Barnhisel Hudson, member of a prominent San Jose family, and by four children: Lester J. Hudson, commander, U. S. Navy, stationed at San Pedro; Bradford B. Hudson, graduate student at University of California; Mrs. James Kempton of Washington, D.C., and Mrs. James Q. Brett of Alameda.

Private funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at the Hudson residence, followed by cremation at Salinas. Paul's mortuary was in charge of the arrangements.

Charles Hudson was an active member of the Carmel Art Association, the Bohemian Club, the American Federation of Arts, and a life member of the California Academy of Sciences. His work hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Royal Galleries of Sweden, Dominion Gallery, New Zealand, and in many private collections including that of Mrs. E. H. Harriman and the late Senator James D. Phelan. His murals are in the California Academy of Sciences building in Golden Gate Park, and one of his paintings was selected for the exhibit of California art in the California building at the Golden Gate International Exposition. Although he is known today more for his desert pictures, Hudson was also an etcher of ability and was for a number of years an illustrator of books and magazine articles. He was also the author of "The Crimson Conquest," a story of Peru, and "Royal Outlaw," a story of David. While a student in France he was correspondent for *Atlantic Monthly*.

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Ross To Bear Down On Violators of Fireworks Law

Police Judge George P. Ross agrees with THE CYMBAL that our anti-fireworks law, prohibiting the shooting of any form of fireworks anywhere within the city limits and restricting celebration of the Fourth to the beach, is probably our most important statute.

He intends, with the aid of the police, to make it tough for violators. Of course, there is little that can be done with children who violate this law, but their parents will be held to account. Adult violators are going to discover that Carmel means business in this effort to protect itself from fire.

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MOIRA MASTEN ARRIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Bill:

Yesterday (Wednesday) at 4:35 a.m. our baby girl arrived. Think that she got crossed up on the date on Sunday when we watched a Skeet Shoot. Hearing the noise she probably told herself, "Hey, this must be the Fourth of July. C'mon, let's get goin'."

Anyhow, she's here, and we're both very pleased. Hildreth has decided not to name her after herself but to call her Moira, for Moira Wallace.

Mother and child are doing well
But poor old father feels like hell.

Hoping you are the same.

—DICK

+ + +

Last Thursday night Karl Mathiot took his daughter, Peggy, and Ruth Casella up to China Camp. They took their horses and slept out under the stars for the night.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BARGAIN LOTS—In Carmel Woods lots are selling at the new low prices—$500, $550, $600, $650 will buy a beautiful lot in the very best section, restricted for homes, with gas, water, electricity and telephone services there. Lots have 50 ft., 60 ft., 70 ft. frontages, or more. FHA will Loan for new homes, with your payments like rent. Lots can be bought on low monthly terms to suit you. Carmel Woods lots are larger, prices are lower. See these lots—compare the values. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue, or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (26)

THREE BEDROOM house with two baths. In excellent condition. Near the beach. You should see this house to appreciate the value offered. Only $5900. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at 8th. Tel. 303. (26)

½ ACRE LOT—For the price of the usual small lot—large area, no crowding of houses, assured privacy, yet just 7 blocks off Ocean Avenue. Ideal residential section with good homes all around. Fine trees. Price reduced to $900.00, with monthly terms arranged to suit you. FHA will make loan for new home. This lot is a real bargain. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave., or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (26)

NEW SPACIOUS one bedroom cottage. For sale or may rent to permanent tenants. Tel. Carmel 449, owner, for particulars. (tf)

BARGAIN HOME—Ideal for a vacation house, at a price that you can afford—$4500 will buy this Carmel Type home, has 2 bedrooms, and an extra room that can be used for another bedroom. Large living room with stone fireplace. Very large lot 80 x 140 ft. Best residential section with good homes both sides. Attractive and in good condition. Gas Heat. Monthly terms can be arranged. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (26)

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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE OSBORNE, Deceased. No. 6517

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Annie Osborne, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Administrator at the law office of Shelburn Robison, Tower Room, New Post Office Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated this 15th day of June, 1939.

CHARLES SIMON
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Osborne, Deceased.

SHELBURN ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA.

Date of 1st Publication: June 16, 1939.
Date of last Publication: July 14, 1939.

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BERRIES for home-canning. Loganberries 35¢ gal., Youngberries 40¢, some Boysenberries 45¢. Write or call, Walls Berryplace, Marina. (1)

TYPEWRITERS

GOOD, USED typewriter. L. C. Smith model. G. M., P. O. Box 148. (26)

INFORMATION WANTED

$50.00 REWARD for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons found guilty of damaging the gate or locks on same at the entrance to the San Clemente Dam properties.
California Water & Telephone Co.
Del Monte Properties Company
(tf)

JOBS WANTED

LISTEN: If you want any ghost-writing done, or manuscripts made ready for the publisher, let MARJORIE WARREN do it for you. She needs to earn some extra money. (tf)

FOREIGN TRAVEL

TRAVEL, TOURS, and cruises to all parts of the world now being arranged by Carmel's new travel service. Alaska, Europe, Hongkong, South America—ANYWHERE. See accredited agent: J. F. Leys, care Carmel Investment Company, or telephone 63. (tf)

LISTENERS

TRY POURING your troubles into the ears of a SYMPATHETIC LISTENER. Elderly gentleman, who has made a profession of listening to the troubles of others, will do so for $2 an hour. Strictly confidential. Write Box 4 for appointment. (1)

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Lyons-Post Dance Recital Tonight At Filmarte

The program offered by James Lyons and Laura Post, dancers sponsored by the International Dance Guild and appearing in recital at the Filmarte Theatre tonight, provides a variety of dance forms in a generous and well-balanced arrangement that should prove a treat to all lovers of the dance.

The four dances in the first group are compositions in pure movement. The first three are from the repertoire of the ballet. The fourth is done in the contemporary manner.

The second group is of Spanish dances. *Perseguido*, a modern conception, portrays a gypsy courtship. *Fandanquillo* and *Sevillanas* are authentic dances done for centuries in Spain. *Bolero* is again modern, but based upon a traditional rhythm.

Following the intermission, James Lyons will introduce three choreographies: *Dance of Materiality*, *Dance of Spirituality*, and *Dance of the Pulque*, from the mythology of ancient Mexico. The white god, Quetzalcoatl, having been tricked into drinking *pulqe*, a potent native brew, becomes intoxicated and dances.

The final group in the program contains a waltz with Strauss music arranged by Godfrey Turner, one of, the accompanists; a Waiter's Dance—1895, and a Rhumba.

Lyons and Miss Post will be assisted by Ruth Hunt and Godfrey Turner as first and second pianists. The costumes are said to be particularly beautiful. Bill France is taking care of the lighting. Tickets may be had at Staniford's or at Spud Gray's Information Bureau.

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"The Great Waltz" At Filmarte

"The Great Waltz" comes again to Carmel, this time to the Filmarte where it will be presented tomorrow and Sunday, July 1 and 2. If you missed it before, don't miss it again. It's one of the loveliest things that has ever been done. and we enjoyed every moment of it. Many of them are still lingering, and that's after a few months.

Luise Rainer and Fernand Gravet co-star in it, and Miliza Korjus, beautiful and brilliant European soprano, sings Strauss music all through it.

It is the story of Johann Strauss, covering his rise to fame, his marriage, his great love, right through until he is an old man being honored at the court of Emperor Franz Josef. You'll never forget the sequence in the Vienna Woods and the spectacular opera scenes with the Albertina Rasch ballets. Rainer does her usual beautifully restrained yet emotional type of acting and you'll marvel at the Korjus vocal chords.

"Terror of Tiny Town," First All-Midget Film Ever Made, at Filmarte Monday For a Three-Day Holiday Run

Dangerous, huh? These are some of the midget bad men who make things tough for 70-pound Billy Curtis, the Tom Thumb hero of "The Terror of Tiny Town," which opens a three-day engagement at the Filmarte Monday.

Hailed as "slightly stupendous" and "a wee bit colossal," the first all-midget, full length feature picture ever made comes to the Filmarte for three rousing days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3, 4 and 5.

Appropriately called "The Terror of Tiny Town," the picture features the world's tiniest adults, with no player more than four feet in height, riding Shetland ponies, herding midget cows, and wearing baby-sized cowboy suits.

All told, 38 half-pint actors in ten gallon hats make up the cast, headed by Billy Curtis, the Don Juan of the midget world, and Yvonne Moray, the three-and-a-half foot Cinderella of the cinema.

The picture has considerable appeal beyond its novelty. Two of the screen world's most critical trade papers, *Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*, wrote "rave reviews" upon its first showing in Hollywood. The *Hollywood Reporter* said in part, "An engaging, amusing and novel film. The kids and adults alike will love the Disney-like antics of these tiny people." The official premiere was held in Sacramento where all house records were broken.

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MUSSEL-POISONING CASES REACH 19 IN COUNTY

Nineteen cases of mussel-poisoning were reported by the Monterey County health department for the week ending June 24. Eleven of these were in Monterey, one in Pacific Grove and seven in Carmel. So, we reckon you're laying off shellfish for a while, huh?

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